

Weirder than a Demogorgon by Heartithateyou

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Summary:

Steve had decided to move out to Cali for college, in part so he could finally come out of the closet.

But of course, he would end up having to share a dorm room with the foul-mouthed, blonde asshole who he isn't sure if he wants to hit or kiss.

Weirder than a Demogorgon

“You have got to be fucking kidding me.” He says, dropping his duffel in the doorway of his new dorm room. He had been so excited to get into the University of California and far away from Indiana, and yet a part of it had managed to follow him.

“Nice to see you too Harrington. Hope you don’t mind, I took bottom.” Billy says with a shit eating grin. He had no idea they were even applying to the same school, much less how they ended up in the same dorm.

At this point, he shouldn’t be surprised by anything in his life, but somehow having Billy as a roommate blew Demogorgon and the upside down out of the water.

“No, no way! I did not move across country to go to school just to room with your jerk ass!” He shouts, rubbing his face in his hands in frustration. They could barely function on the same basketball team together, how were they going to get along living on top of each other?

“Rude, where are your manners pretty boy? If we’re going to be living in a room the size of a shoebox, you might want to start off on a better foot.” Billy says with a smirk as he leans over and takes another stack of shirts out of his bag. The t-shirt he’s wearing rides up slightly as he bends over and Steve tries not to look.

It wasn’t his fault though if his eyes lingered a moment too long, the guy was practically made of muscle and his shirts never seemed to fit right. If you could call them shirts...

“You beat the shit out of me!” Steve says, groaning from behind his hands. Even though it was a while back, he still remembers that night all too well. Ever since, they had done their best to more or less ignore each other and had graduated high school without any further incidents.

There had been half a dozen or so times where Billy had come up to him and looked like he was about to say something, but would

usually just make some jackass comment and walk away. He wanted to hate the other man, he probably should have to be honest, but there was something about him that made it impossible.

He didn't know if it was the rumors he heard about Billy's shitty home life or how he always seemed to look sad when he thought no one was watching. So as much as he wanted to write him off as just another asshole, he couldn't help but feel bad for him in a way he couldn't explain.

"That was one time, plus it was years ago." Billy says with a snort. And there he is, sounding like just another asshole again.

Then, he hears Billy sigh before he shuffles over to where Steve is, He feels hands grip around his wrists and pull his hands away from his face.

"And I'm sorry. Really." Billy says earnestly. He looks deeply at him with his unnervingly blue eyes and Steve swears his heart starts to race a little faster. His expression is serious and slightly morose, like he's scared Steve won't forgive him. "That was a complete dick move and I know it doesn't make it better, but I was pretty messed up that night. I meant say this ages ago, but every time I tried to I just.. clammed up. Like some nervous school girl. But I am. Sorry, I mean. Not that shit about being a school girl."

"Apology accepted. But I don't know if I'll ever forgive you for taking the bottom bunk." He says with a small smile. He can't help but feel a small wave of happiness at Billy's apologize, maybe being away from Hawkins they could forge something resembling a friendship.

"Ooh, didn't take you for a bottom." Billy says with an exaggerated eyebrow wiggle.

He has to laugh at that and tries not to blush at the implication.

With them just kind of becoming friends, the last thing he needed was the other man finding out he was bisexual. He had known for a while now that he was, pretty since the shit show that was his and Nancy's breakups, but Hawkins Indiana wasn't exactly the town to be loud and proud in.

It was another reason he had been excited to go away for school, maybe to finally see what it was like living out of the closet.

But with Billy as his roommate, it seemed like he better get comfy in the closet. Or else he had a feeling that there might be a part two to that beating.

“Aww look at that, pretty boy’s blushing.” Billy says with a smirk as he brushes his hand against Steve’s cheek.

“Shut up Hargrove, not all of us have our minds in the gutter all the time.” He says as he walks around Billy to the other end of their room. He deposits his duffel on the desk by the beds and surveys the room.

Its small, cramped, and already littered with Billy’s stuff. There were clothes that looked like scraps of cloth, cassettes on almost every available service, and his trademark jean jacket thrown across his bed.

“Not all the time. 90% maybe. But should have figured you’d be embarrassed by all that stuff, you grew up in Hawkins after all.” Billy says, never knowing when to stop pushing, he just kept going and going.

“Fuck you, I’m not embarrassed.” Billy mutters as he busies himself leaning over his duffle bag, unzipping it and pretending to be interested in the contents inside. He wasn’t embarrassed, but he definitely didn’t want to talk to Billy about it.

He hears Billy snicker and walk over to where he stood at the desk, close enough to him he can feel Billy’s breath on his neck and smell his cologne.

“Your blush says otherwise. Don’t worry, I’ll try not to scandalize you too much pretty boy.” Billy whispers, leaning against his back.

“Wait, what do you mean-“ He asks as he turns around, not realizing how close Billy still was. Their faces are barely inches apart and Steve feels himself swallow slightly. His brain can’t stop racing at what Billy was kind of insinuating.

But knowing Billy, there was a chance he was just doing this be a total ass and mess with him. It was a dangerous line he was scared to cross.

“I’m going to go run to the gas station, I’m almost out of smokes. See you later pretty boy.” Billy says with a smirk before he turns and stalks out of the room.

Steve stands there frozen for a few minutes, while his brain just screams what the fuck, over and over again.

Because what was that? Billy fucking with him? Billy flirting? Billy trying to figure out if Steve was really as straight as he seemed?

This was going to be a long fucking year.

Rather than continue to think about that interaction for the rest of the night, he decided to do that mature thing and go and have a few drinks at a party he’d seen a flyer for.

Maybe a few drinks would make him forget what a clusterfuck he was in.

A few drinks and a few hours later, he returns to the dorm and tries to be quiet as he unlocks the door and stumbles back into his room.

“Shit.” He mutters, tripping over Billy’s boots. He steadies himself on Billy’s desk and kicks the door behind him. It makes a much bigger bang that he means for it to and he sees Billy’s head shoot up from the bed.

“Sorry, sorry. I didn’t mean to wake you up.” He whispers, trying not to notice how adorable Billy looks with his curls all mussed up. He looks at him blearily eyed, a small smile breaking out on his face as he takes in Steve’s disheveled form.

“Someone’s tipsy.” Billy says with a laugh as he rolls onto his side, the sheet slipping down past his chest.

“Yes someone is. And you are shirtless.” He blurts out before he can

stop himself. Okay, maybe having a few drinks wasn't the best idea when you were slightly attracted to your roommate. Maybe more than slightly.

"Really tipsy then." Billy says with a chuckle, moving so the sheet exposes even more of his chest.

"I have a very, very serious question for you Billy. Do you even own a proper shirt?" He says, breaking out in a giggle even as he tries to keep his face serious.

"Trust me princess, nothing about me is proper. Now, do you need some help getting into your bed?" Billy asks.

"Aww look at Billy Hargrove, taking care of me. Who knew you had a sweet side?" Steve says with a giggle as he sits down on the edge of Billy's bed. Between the beers and the moving, he was exhausted and didn't know if he could find the energy to climb up to his bed.

And he suddenly smelled all the beer that was spilled on his shirt and decides to take it off, only getting his head slightly stuck in the neck hole.

"Not so much as a sweet side as not wanting you to break your neck. There's a difference. Although you did prove me wrong with all that elegance and grace taking off that shirt." Billy says as he shifts slightly so Steve has more room to sit.

"I bet you're secretly a softie under all that hair gel and toughness." He starts with a giggle, looking at Billy in the dim light.

"Careful Harrington, just cause you're drunk doesn't mean I won't give you a mean nougie for saying that." Billy says with a laugh as he stretches and places his hands behind his head.

"Tipsy, not drunk. And don't worry, it'll be our secret." He says as suddenly flops down on Billy's bed, his face way too close to Billy's on the pillow.

"Hey, I said I'd help you into bed, I didn't say you could share mine." Billy says, as he tries to shove him off the bed.

“Shh, I’ll move in a minute.” Steve says as he just burrows into the bed deeper, stealing some of the blankets from Billy.

“So you’re not only crashing in my bed but stealing the sheets now to? Who raised you man?” Billy says as he tries to give him another half-hearted shove.

“Maids mostly. Now, could you be quiet? I’m trying to sleep here.” He says as he closes his eyes, breathing in the smell of Billy’s cologne and cigarettes.

“You are ridiculous Harrington. Sleep well.” Billy says softly. The last thing Steve remembers is Billy wrapping his arm around his waist and him thinking he’d never been comfy than crowded next to Billy in a twin bed.

He wakes up the next morning and goes to stretch, only to accidentally connect his hand to someone’s face.

“Ow, what the hell Harrington?” A voice asks.

He quickly opens his eyes and sees Billy laying there, rubbing his cheek.

“Shit, what are you doing in my bed?” He asks suddenly, his head throbbing slightly as he tries to remember what happened last night.

“Apology accepted. And you’re in my bed. Don’t you remember? Came back after a few drinks and decided you didn’t feel like climbing up to your bed?” Billy asks with a laugh. How the hell does the other man still look so good in the morning.

The night suddenly rushes back to him and he groans in embarrassment.

“Sorry about that.” He says, feeling himself blush.

“No worries Harrington, we’ve all been there. Even if you are a cover hog.” Billy says with a chuckle as he rolls over and looks at him. He expected Billy to be more of an ass about it, it was weird seeing the

nicer side to him. Weird and good.

“Well maybe if you put a shirt on once in a while, you wouldn’t get so cold.” Steve says, trying to hide under the sheets when Billy grabs a pillow and whacks him with it.

“Psh, you know I look good Harrington.” He says as he stretches out, purposely making a show out of it.

“You definitely seem to think you do.” He says with a snort, trying to skirt around the question. Because honestly, yeah, he did think Billy looked good, especially now in the morning light.

“Aww you’re so sweet Stevie, sorry you have to share your title as most attractive guy in bumfuck Indiana.” Billy says with a snicker, as he cuddles deeper into the bed.

“You... you think I’m attractive?” He asks, hoping he doesn’t blush. Because yeah, he’d heard from chicks that he was good-looking, but it was different coming from Billy. Billy was blunt to a fault and never bothered with bullshit, it was refreshing and... strangely hot.

“Oh fuck off. You know you are. Could have had any chick in the shit hole until I showed up.” Billy says with another chuckle. He didn’t know if he’d ever seen Billy look like this, so light and open, like the weight of his problems was finally off of him.

“Wasn’t like there was much competition til you showed up.” He says shyly in response.

“So you do think I’m attractive then...” Billy says with a wolf-ish smile.

“I wouldn’t say attractive...” He says softly, looking away when he does.

“Handsome? Ridiculously good-looking? So hot it makes you have confusing-“ He’s cut off as the door to the dorm swings open and Johnathan walks into the room.

They had bumped into each other at the party last night and had actually had a decent conversation, apparently he was one more

person he could be friends with outside of Indiana.

“Hey Steve, last night you said I could borrow your-“ He cuts off as he sees Steve and Billy in bed together.

“Did you forget to lock the door last night?” Billy asks with a smirk, taking in Johnathan’s clearly uncomfortable form.

“I definitely did. The cassette is on the desk Johnathan.” He says with a smile, trying to bite his cheek to not laugh. Johnathan looked like he might die from being so embarrassed and was fidgeting so hard he might hurt himself.

“Oh. Oh thanks.” Johnathan blurts out as he all but runs and grabs it from the desk, “And um, I’m happy for you two. Maybe you guys can grab drinks with me and Nancy sometime.”

He gives nod before he awkwardly leaves the room, Billy and Steve cracking up as soon as the door shuts.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone look that uncomfortable.” He says once he finally gets his laughter under control.

“Probably never expected to find us in bed together.” Billy says with a small chuckle.

“Yeah, must be weird to see us finally getting along.” He says softly, wishing he never had to move.

“Steve, that wasn’t what made him feel weird.” Billy says, his voice suddenly serious.

“What? Of course it was.” He says with a puzzled expression on his face.

“Steve. He thinks we fucked.” Billy says slowly.

“What? No he doesn’t!” He yelps out as he sits up suddenly. He feels himself blush all the way down and his mind is racing.

“Steve, he found us in bed together. Shirtless. Pretty sure that’s why he all but ran out of here.” Billy says, his face carefully blank as he

grabs for his cigarettes.

“You really think he thought that?” He says, his mind racing.

“Geez, don’t get your panties in a twist Harrington. I’ll straighten it out with him later, make sure he knows the King of Hawkins isn’t slumming it with some street trash.” Billy says bitterly.

He looks over at Billy and sees the icy expression on his face. He recognizes it all too well, it’s the one he gets when he completely shuts down and locks everyone out.

“Billy, that’s not what I meant-“ He stutters, trying to organize his racing thoughts in a way that would make sense to Billy.

“Oh, right, you’re just concerned that someone’s going to think you’re a queer or something. God forbid someone thinks you’re like me.” Billy says harshly. Billy’s face gets that steely look like he’s ready for a fight.

“You’re... you’re gay?” He asks softly, trying to tread around this carefully.

“Yup. Bonified cocksucker. Problem pretty boy?” Billy asks, his tone growing cold and distant.

“No, Billy, of course not-“ He says, taking a deep breath as he steadies himself to come out to Billy.

“Then why do you look like you’re about to have a panic attack right now?” Billy asks cruelly.

“I am not about to have a panic attack!” He yells back, although to be fair he honestly might. His heart is racing, his palms are sweaty, and he kind of wants to throw up right now.

“Whatever you say Harrington. I need to get out of here.” Billy says as he storms out of the bed, shoving his feet into the first shoes he spots and grabbing his coat.

“Billy, would you just stop for one second-“ He pleads as he reaches his hand out and tries to grab Billy’s arm.

“Sorry Stevie, I’ve gone through this shit enough to know where its headed and I don’t need a repeat.” Billy spits out as recoils from Steve’s reach.

“Billy-“ He begs as Billy opens the dorm to storm out.

“Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll be able to change rooms, wouldn’t want you to have to room with a faggot.” He says flatly before shutting the door was a bang.

Fuck.

It had taken half an hour and forty bucks to find out where Billy was going to be from one of his old friends from Cali who lived down the hall, who snorted and said “good luck” when he explained he just wanted to find him to apologize.

Which was pretty fair to be honest.

He’d seen how steely and cold Billy could be, acting like the biggest prick possible to push someone away.

But he couldn’t let him push him away, not about this.

Not when Billy had confused his crush for homophobia.

Just the thought made him cringe.

Luckily, the house party Billy was at was only a few blocks away so he was able to make it there quickly.

He started scouting the rooms, nodding to a few people slightly knew, not pausing to talk. He finally found Billy, doing a keg stand, wearing his trademark jean jacket and nothing underneath.

When he’s finally back on his feet, Billy immediately spots him and bolts to the next room.

This house is practically a maze, so old the rooms are small and hard to navigate it takes another few minutes to spot him again. When he

does, he grabs Billy's arm and all but throws him into a room and shuts the door before Billy can run.

"What the fuck?" Billy asks as he turns around in what is clearly a closet.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to shove you into a closet or anything, I just really needed to talk to you and knew you would just bolt again." He rambles, trying to find the words he'd been rehearsing all night.

"Bolt? Because of you? You sure think highly of yourself, I was just getting a drink, heard some dude's offering body shots in the kitchen. Oops, forgot that might offend your delicate sensibilities." Billy says with a mocking expression, clearly having his jackass buffers at full force.

"That's what I'm trying to explain, you have totally the wrong idea about today" Steve blurts out before Billy cuts him off again.

"No, I had the wrong idea when I thought we could be friends!" Billy shouts, hurt clear in his tone. His eyes are wild and his fists are strained, but there's a quiver in his lip that he can't quite hide.

"I want to be friends with you" He starts again before Billy completely cuts him off.

"Why the fuck are you ever talking to me Harrington?" He asks, his tone bitter as he spits out Steve's name.

"Because I'm trying to find the balls to come out to you, you absolute asshole." He shouts, feeling himself snap.

"You... You're gay?" Billy asks incredulously.

"Bisexual, actually." Steve mutters out, this entire conversation going completely sideways. Of all the ways he had pictured coming out before, shouting it at Billy Hargrove in a closet at some party full of drunk undergrads have never been a potential scenario.

"So you're like what... dick curious?" Billy says, his face softening slightly but still remaining steely.

“I’ve always known I’ve liked girls and guys, but it’s not like Hawkins Indiana is crawling with... like-minded people. So the opportunity never really came up. I figured when I went away to school...” He stumbles, unsure how to combine all of his thoughts into a coherent sentence.

“You would be free. Be able to be yourself.” Billy finishes for him, his face finally growing soft with understanding.

“Yeah. Part of the reason I came all the way out here.” He says nervously, rubbing his hand against his arm.

“And here I thought it was just because of little old me.” Billy says with a smirk, the one that makes him want to kiss him and hit him at the same time. But he felt his heart grow warm with not only having Billy back, but being accepted by him. Even in his weird, dick-ish way.

“You are such a shit head.” He says with a laugh, feeling more free than he’s felt in a long time. Despite being in a cramped closet that was growing hotter by the second, there was nowhere else he’d rather be.

“You seem to like it.” Billy says with an eye brow wiggle, crowding in even closer to him.

“Two days ago we weren’t even friends, now I like you?” He asks, hearing his voice grow quieter as the space between them lessens. He feels like they’re skirting on the edge of something, of being something more, and it terrifies and excites him in a way he’s never known.

“Seems so pretty boy.” Billy says as he brings their faces even closer together, until he can feel Billy’s breath on his lips and feel the warmth of his face.

“You’re awfully sure of that.” He whispers back, the blue of Billy’s eyes even deeper up close.

“Tell me I’m wrong then.” Billy murmurs softly, before finally closing the distance between them and kissing him on his lips.

And sure, he's kissed before, but it's never felt like this. It's hot and intense and on the verge of too much and yet he never wants it to end. He can feel the gentle scruff of Billy's cheeks and the strong grip of Billy's hand in his hair.

All of a sudden, there's a bang on the door and they jerk apart before the door is swung open.

"Hargrove! There you are! It's our turn for beer pong!" Some guy hollers, not even blinking at the fact that he found Billy in the closet with some guy.

"Sorry shit head, I have to go." Billy says with a laugh as he exits the closet, dragging him behind him.

"You are the worst partner Hargrove!" The guy yells at Billy's back, to which Billy replies by flipping him the bird.

"Sure you're not tempted to stay?" He asks with a laugh as Billy navigates them through the party.

"Fuck this party, the only thing I care about right now is getting you to somewhere where we won't be interrupted by anyone." Billy says, looking back at him with a wolf-ish smile.

"Oh yeah?" He asks, finding it impossible not to goad Billy.

"Oh yeah, might deck the next person who tries to interrupt us." Billy says with another smirk as they step outside.

"Why can I imagine that all too well?" He says with a smirk, then looks down and notices something, "You know, you're still holding my hand, right?"

"Don't make a big deal out of it or anything pretty boy." Billy says, leading them down the streets back to their dorm.

"You are such a secret softie." He says with a laugh, loving how Billy's hand feels in his. Billy's hand is strong and calloused, comforting in a way he can't describe.

"Shut the fuck up Harrington." Billy says with a wide smile.

They make it back to their dorm in record time and all but run up the stairs to get to their floor. No one is around this time on a Friday night and Steve says a silent prayer for that. They rush into their room and Billy slams the door shut and locks it the second they're inside.

Billy is immediately on his again, pulling him close and kissing him deeply. He feels his hands run over his body and grabs his ass and gives it a squeeze.

"Damn, you have a nice ass pretty boy." Billy murmurs against his lips.

"Right back atcha." He says, as his hands wrap around Billy to cop a feel. He gets a little thrill out of the way he is able to freely touch.

He feels Billy walking him backwards and leading them towards the bed, kissing him the entire time. The edge of the bed pushes against the back of his knees and he falls back onto the bed.

He lays back on the bed, adjusting himself on Billy's pillows while he waits for Billy to join him.

"What're you waiting for?" He asks as Billy stands over him, his eyes raking over his.

"Sorry, you just make a pretty picture lying on my bed like that." Billy purrs with a smirk.

"Oh yeah? Want me to make it prettier?" He asks with a laugh. He sits up slightly and takes his shirt off, luckily not getting his head stuck in his shirt.

He blushes slightly as he lays back and watches Billy roam his eyes over him.

"Damn, you really are a pretty boy." Billy says with a devious smile.

"Would you quite staring and just get down here and kiss me." He says, feeling oddly exposed. He wasn't exactly embarrassed, but he'd never had someone just stare at him like they wanted to eat him whole.

He felt a sudden bolt in his stomach when he realized this was going to be new, all of it. The kissing was simple enough, but what happened when it progressed further? Was it going to be obvious how inexperienced he was? He wasn't exactly sure of Billy's history, but nothing about him said virgin.

Billy finally lays down on the bed, leaning over Steve as he presses his lips against his. He tries to push the intrusive thoughts away and enjoy the moment, but now that they're in his mind they refuse to leave.

"Hey, what's wrong." He hears Billy whisper as he pulls away.

He opens his eyes and sees Billy looking down at him, his expression... concerned. He can't believe that Billy is looking at him like that, like he's so worried and cares so much about how Steve feels.

"It's nothing, really." He says, trying to paste a smile on his face. He reaches up and grabs the back of Billy's head and tries to continue kissing him.

"You are such a shit liar Stevie. Now, you're going to tell me what's wrong or I'm not going to kiss you anymore." Billy says, his expression unwavering.

He tries to lean up again to kiss Billy and sighs as he pulls away.

"Fine. It's just.... You know I've never done this... with a guy I mean. And I guess I'm feeling..." He trails off as he tries to find the right words.

"Nervous? Anxious? Scared shitless." Billy fills in with a soft smile on his face.

"Okay, it's a dick, not a Demogorgon." He says with a snort.

"What kind of a nerd ass reference is that?" Billy asks with a furrowed brow.

"Okay, ignore that, what I'm saying is, I'm new at this, so what if I'm total shit? I mean, you're probably used to guys who know what

they're doing..." He mutters, feeling embarrassed and weirdly jealous. Which he knew was bullshit and unfair and totally unlike him, but apparently there were a lot of firsts happening for him today.

"Okay, first of all, fuck you, I'm not some Cali slut who gives it up to any semi decent piece of ass." He says with a laugh, forcing a smile out of Steve, "And secondly, you have nothing to be nervous about. I swear, we'll take it slow. Whenever you're ready, however long you wanna wait, I'm cool with it." Billy says softly, his blue eyes locked on his. He'd never heard Billy sound so sweet or so soft, he swore he could hear his heart skip a beat.

"That's... really sweet Billy. But you are way too hot for me to want to take it slow." He says with a smile and finally, finally getting to kiss Billy again.

"Oh thank fucking god." Billy says with a laugh, his curls tickling against his face.

Billy kisses him once more before he moves on and begins kissing and sucking at his neck. He hears himself moan as he feels Billy bite down before sucking harshly. He wasn't a fan of hickies when chicks gave them, but when Billy did it, it was the hottest thing he'd ever experienced. He felt like he could cum in his pants from this alone, what was the other man doing to him?

Billy continues to bite and lick at his neck as he begins to grind against him, pushing their cocks together and rubbing them together through their pants.

"Fuck, Billy." He manages to utter, his brain fogged with lust as Billy continues to rut against him as his hand traces down his chest.

He feels Billy's hand work his way down his chest, pausing to tweak at his nipples, before working down further and letting his fingers linger on his waistband.

"Sure this isn't too fast pretty boy?" Billy asks, his breath ghosting across his neck and making him shiver.

“Billy, I swear to god if you stop now-“ He begins, cutting off with an abrupt groan as Billy’s hand works his way into his pants and straight to his dick.

“Hmm, I see someone went commando.” Billy says with a low chuckle, before nipping at his neck again, “And the King Steve rumors really are true.”

“Fuck off.” He mutters, feeling himself blush. Because yeah, he didn’t mean to brag or anything, but he knew he was larger than most.

“No really, how did I miss this in the locker rooms? Think we would have become friends a lot faster.” Billy says against his neck, which he’s sure is going to be sporting a hell of a bruise tomorrow.

“You are such an ass.” He says, wondering if letting Billy mark him was a good idea. Because as amazing as it felt (because holy fuck that felt good) he couldn’t help but wonder if it would feel so good in the morning. Because what if this was a one-time thing? What if Billy just wanted a friend with benefits thing?

What if this was a night Billy would just laugh off with a smart ass comment and a smirk? What if he was an idiot for thinking it was more.

“Mmm maybe, but trust me, you’re going to love my mouth in about a minute pretty boy.” Billy says with a final bite before he begins kissing his way down his chest. He’s momentarily distracted by how good it feels before he feels Billy pulling down his sweatpants.

“So what are we doing?” He blurts out. He can’t help it, he knows he should stop interrupting and killing the moment but it’s like he’s lost any resemblance of a filter.

“Right now I’m trying to suck your dick.” Billy says with a mischievous smile.

“No- I know- I mean like... what are we doing? Me and you? This? Are we like... boyfriends?” He stumbles, hoping what he’s saying is making sense.

Because he can’t deny he has feelings for Billy, and he knows that

just randomly hooking up isn't something he's going to be able to do.

"I haven't even got into your pants and you're already talking commitment? We're gay men, not lesbians." Billy says with an eye roll, before taking in Steve's expression, "Fine, fine. We're boyfriends, okay? Now can I go back to trying to suck your dick?"

"You're my boyfriend?" He asks, unable to keep the smile off his yes.

"What did I just say Harrington?" Billy asks, unable to keep the annoyed expression on his face. Even with Billy pulling that expression, he's unable to hide his smile totally and he can practically feel his heart melt.

"So you're not going to hook up with anyone else? Or flirt with them?" He asks, unable to stop pushing. But it's like part of his brain is trying to make sure this is totally real and he's not about to wake up from a dream.

"Yeah, yeah, you're my one and only Stevie. And you better not go around flirting with any other twink pretty boy on campus. You'd hate to see me when I'm jealous." Billy says with a wink.

"Billy Hargrove has a possessive streak?" He asks with a stupidly wide smile. He probably shouldn't like that so much, but after the cluster fuck of feeling not wanted by more people than he could count, there was more appeal in it than he wanted to admit.

"And it's a fucking mile wide, so you pretty not push it." Billy says as he bites the juncture of Steve's hip softly, suckling ever so gently.

"Fuuuuuuuck." He groans out, apparently having a new hot spot. Leave it to Billy to turn a random piece of skin into his new erogenous zone.

"So if you don't have any more questions or marriage proposals you want to ask, I'm just going to get on with sucking your dick." Billy says as he pulls away, his breath ghosting against his skin.

"Yeah, okay." He says with probably the world's goofiest smile. But he was allowed to smile at his boyfriend after all.

“Thank god.” Billy says with a wolfish smile as he pulls down his sweatpants.

He can’t hold back the moan that he lets out when Billy’s lips wrap around his cock. He swears to god that he’s never felt anything this good, he finds his hands reaching down and tangling themselves in Billy’s hair.

“Oh fuck, Billy, that feels so good.” He grunts out as Billy begins to bob up and down on his cock. Billy glances up briefly and their eyes lock, and he’s even more turned on by the devilish look in Billy’s eyes.

Billy begins to move his head faster, increasing the pace. Billy keeps his hands on his hips and he can feel Billy’s fingers burrow into his flesh, sure to leave bruises in the morning. He loves that, like Billy is marking him and claiming him.

He suddenly lets out another moan as he feels Billy relax his throat and take him in deeper, fuck taking him all the way down.

“Oh fuck, Billy, fucking hell, that feels so good, you’re so amazing, fuck-“ He starts to ramble as he feels himself teetering close to the edge. He feels like he’s falling apart into a million little pieces and its terrifying and exhilarating all at the same time.

“Billy, baby, I’m so close, I’m so close, I’m going to-“ He grunts out, trying to warn Billy. If anything, it just encourages Billy to suck him even harder and he feels himself practically black out when he comes. He lets out what might be almost a scream as he comes, and feels Billy swallow around him.

“Fuck.” He whispers out as he lies back on the pillow, trying to remember how to breath normally. He feels Billy slide up next to him and leans down gently and kisses him on the lips.

“Billy that was...” He whispers as he tries to find the words, except his brain seems to be totally off line.

“Oh yeah?” Billy whispers as he kisses him again. He feels Billy’s hand come up to his face and stroke it gently. It’s so soft and sweet,

he's almost stunned by the gentleness.

He looks into Billy's eyes and hopes he can communicate all of the words he can't say, "Yeah."

"So I think it's safe to say you're not homophobic." Billy says with a laugh as he cups his face. They both start giggling, and he places his hand over Billy's and rubs it gently.

"Yeah, I think it's safe for my boyfriend to say that."

"You're such a dork Harrington."

"Your dork Hargrove."

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading!

Feel free to leave comments!!